

THE CRITIC'S CORNER.

WEEKLY CHAT REGARDING WRITERS AND BOOKS

The August Forum—The Arena for July—
"The Coast of Bohemia" by How.
ells—Literary Notes.

THE FORUM: August. For sale by West, Johnson & Co.

The August number of the "Forum" contains three striking articles relative to the three startling manifestations of crime—The Great Railroad Strike and its Causes; The Assassination of Carnot; and the Police Revelations in New York.

Discussions of these subjects are grouped under the general title, "The Sentimental Dealing with Crime, and its Increase; and following these is a fairly startling review of the recent world-wide increase of crime, by Mr. Henry Charles Lea, of Philadelphia. These make one of the most noteworthy groups of strong and timely articles that have ever appeared in our periodical literature.

Other subjects treated in the August issue are "Laboratory Mind-Study; The Beginnings of a New Science;" "How The Bills of Socialism will be Paid;" and "The Pay of Preachers." The first of these is by two writers; President G. Stanley Hall explains why the new psychology, or mind-study, is the necessary and entirely revolutionary basis of the education of the future; and Prof. E. W. Scripture, of Yale, sets forth in detail the methods of experiment and training followed in his own laboratory for mind-study.

The second is by Mr. Sylvester Baxter, and is a reply to an article in a preceding issue of the "Forum" on "Who Will Pay the Bills of Socialism."

The third is by Mr. H. K. Carroll, the Superintendent of the last census, and his article shows the income of different grades of preachers, of all sects and in all sections of the country, as compared with that of men of other callings.

As a whole, this August number of the Forum is second to no issue of that excellent monthly that we have seen. Its contents are uniformly strong.

"THE COAST OF BOHEMIA." By Wm. Dean Howells. Harper & Bros. For sale by West, Johnson & Co.

Mr. Howells, says the Critic, apropos of this charming story, likes to surprise his public occasionally; wherefore, after carefully training us to expect one kind of novel, he suddenly branches off and gives us another. And it is often in these unexpected utterances that he is most interesting. They seem to be in the nature of recreation to him—refreshing interludes after his serious and difficult work; and they sometimes reflect this cheerful gaiety. It is when he forgets his theories in a measure, and writes from the heart, that he is most convincing and delightful. He does not often, however, permit himself this liberty; he generally works in harness and leaves emotion out of his calculations. But in a few books, like "Indian Summer" and "The Shadow of a Dream," different as they are, he has laughed and wept without counting the cost. He has allowed himself to see some of the bright realities of life, and its dramatic sorrows. In the present book he has done nothing so fine, but, after leading us to expect some record of weak and fruitless endeavor as an unsuccessful dash at social problems, he surprises us with a mild and pretty little love-story, ending—in the good, old, conventional manner—with the sound of wedding bells.

The plot is of the simplest. A puritanical country girl, with some spirit, a good deal of reserve, and a talent for drawing, goes to New York, alone, to study art. The girl whose easel is next to hers is of an emotional, romantic nature, and Cornelia is at once swayed in its fervor. The story of this friendship fills that part of the book which is not occupied with the vicissitudes attending Cornelia's love affair. The hero of the latter is a brilliant young painter, whom she had once encountered in her own little village, and the troubles which ruffle the course of this true love are of the kind that is very important to those immediately concerned, but pitifully trivial to others. There is some interesting art talk in the story, but the characters hover about the coast of a very shadowy Bohemia—an imitation, a make-believe, which only differs from Philistia in being more self-conscious and striving religiously to be broad. It is a clever picture of a kind of life that really exists in New York, but the men and women, nevertheless, seem to be puppets playing, at life. Cornelia's woes, too, are exaggerated and inconsistent with the character of so sensible a girl. Mr. Howells' exasperates one, as usual, by engulfing his characters in trivial details, so that each one appears to be a heterogeneous mass of unrelated qualities; and one doubts their ability to walk and talk and feel.

There are many bright sentences in the book, however, like Charman's exclamation, "Oh, if men could only be what girls would be if they were men!" or Ludlow's more serious remark, "Of course, its humiliating to make a failure, but it's better to own it, and leave it behind you; if you don't own it, you have to carry it with you, and it remains a burden." And Cornelia's vague, tranquil, graceful mother is a new and clever creation. But after all, one is inclined to borrow from Mr. Kipling and say, "It's pretty, but is it art?" So superficial is the plan, so light and airy the structure, that one feels as though a feather's weight of fervor in joy or sorrow would bring the elaborate creation crashing about one's ears.

THE ARENA: July. For sale by West, Johnson & Co.

Among the notable and valuable articles in the July "Arena" are Mrs. Helen H. Gardner's paper on "Environment; Can Heredity Be Modified?" "Whittier's Religion," by Rev. W. H. Savage; "Monometallism and Protection," a masterly analysis of the tariff and financial question, showing their intimate relation, by C. S. Thomas, one of the ablest bi-metallist advocates in the country. "Occult Science in Tibet" is treated by Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D. "India Silver, Wheat, and Cotton," by Samuel Leavitt, is another admirable presentation of the argument for bi-metallism. Jas. L. Hughes criticizes Prof. Goldwin Smith's arguments against the enfranchisement of women and subjects that eminent scholar's domestic prejudices to the severe test of logic. "The Higher Evolution of Man" by Henry Wood, is an ethical paper of value. Mr. B. O. Flower's discussion of Japan's treaties and the subse-

quent legislative operations of the English and American governments, in a paper called "Justice for Japan," is a demand that the American government shall keep its treaty pledge and not play the bully, disregarding honor and decency. Henry Frank outlines "The Crusade of The Unemployed." "How They Boom" to Elgin-street Church" is a life like realistic story that gives an inside view of the politics of a fashionable temper ostensibly devoted to the worship of God. Walter Blackburn Harte contributes a story called "Awakened," a social study.

The editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, discusses "Crucial Moments in National Life," from the evolutionary standpoint, and shows that the decay of great empires has been through materialism and slavery. A civilization of luxury is a barbarism, but it is the prey of every robust race of barbarism. Prof. Thos. E. Mill, A. M., describes the aims and methods of "The City Union for Practical Progress." There is a valuable symposium on public parks and play grounds, which is of great educational value and should be put in every aldermanic civic school.

LITERARY BREVITIES.

Short Notes Bearing Upon the World of Letters.

Swinburne's favorite exercise is swimming.

All the grandsons of Charles Dickens bear the name of Charles.

The "Bookman" makes the astonishing statement that no book of Mr. Ruskin's has ever been translated and published in a foreign language.

Tone-color has been defined as the quality of vowels and consonants which best adapt them to the vocal presentation of thought and emotion.

Madame Blanc says that Bret Harte is, of all the American authors of the times, the most popular in France, and that Howells is not generally liked by the French.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian author, loves to keep his hair in disorder. This is said to be his one vanity. He always carries a little toilet case, says a Danish writer, containing a looking-glass and a comb, attached to the lining of his gray hat. He often removes his hat to look into the mirror to see how his hair is lying. If it is not rough enough to suit his fancy, he uses the comb to give it the requisite tangle.

Mark Twain tells us that there are three "infallible ways of pleasing an author: 1. To tell him you have read one of his books; 2. to tell him you have read all of his books; 3d. To ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. No. 1 admits you to his respect; No. 2 admits you to his admiration; No. 3 carries you clear into his heart."

"Just at present," says Mrs. Stanley, in Journal of Education, "an epidemic of 'prog'm' is passing over the country. We say telegram and monogram and diagram, and Webster and Worcester unite on Program, but some one—nobody knows who—started the report one day that program was not entitled to an a, and immediately 'Westward the star of prog'm took its flight.'"

Oliver Wendell Holmes said recently of Hawthorne's well-known diffidence: "It was always an adventure whether one would succeed in enticing Hawthorne into anything like communicative intercourse. He went his solitary way through life like a whale through the crowds of lesser fishes in the sea. You might stand in your boat and hurl your harpoon at him as he passed—it was hit or miss. If you succeeded in bringing him to, he was genial enough company for a while in his abstracted Olympian way. If you missed him, you would hardly have another chance for a year."

Last year, alone, says The Daily News, London, the British and Foreign Blind Association embossed 8,500 books in English, French, German, Latin, Greek, and other languages, for the use of blind readers. About 250 seeing volunteers are, we are informed, engaged in writing out the first copies of books in Braille for this association, and seventy paid blind writers are employed in making copies. Besides these, the association continues to publish its own magazines for the blind—Progress, started by the late Dr. T. R. Armitage, in 1881, and Playtime, a magazine in uncontracted Braille for children, which made its first appearance last summer.

The Daisy's Secret.

Tell me, little pale-faced,
With the heart of gold,
Hast thou e'er to mortal
Thy sweet story told?

Why thy heart is golden,
And thy face is bright,
Dost thou tell to fairies
In the pale moonlight?

Or when on thy bosom
Rests a butterfly,
Doth he hear thy story
When there's no one nigh?

Why so bright thy heart is,
And thy face so pale,
Hath the faithful violet
Ever heard the tale?

All thy pretty secret,
When alone at night,
Hast thou told the poppy
With the color bright?

No mortal e'er hath heard the tale;
Nor have the fairies bright;
I would not tell the butterfly,
He holds all trusts so light;
Nor have I told the violet,
Whose constancy I own;
The poppy talks so in his sleep—
I trust in God alone.

—Indianapolis Journal.

The Electric Light in Ball-Rooms.

The effective lighting of ball-rooms becomes more and more a momentous question. I have seen nothing to surpass a white ball-room, with its electric lights shaded with deep amber silk. Such a warm and becoming glow was shed over the scene. You might have imagined yourself stepping into one of Orchardson's pictures, where this tone always predominates. Flowers arranged over or under electric lights have quite a lovely effect. Last season, I remember, a great mass of white hydrangeas towering over rose-colored lights at an evening reception, says an English writer. Everybody present expressed a pleasure in having met those hydrangeas. Very festive-looking is an old-fashioned ball-room, all red and white and gold, and with countless wax candles rearing their white taper figures from sconces attached to the walls.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

GATHERED FROM THE RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL PRESS.

Words of Wisdom on Religious and Moral Subjects Which Are Worthy of Attention From the Thoughtful.

Two Helpers.

One climbed, a comrade, up my garret stair
And shared his own crust with the struggling there.
Yet dashed, with thoughtless gesture, to the ground
The last dear cup of hope my soul had found.
From worlds beyond my world the other came.
He brought no bread to stay the sinking frame,
Yet from his eyes, like founts of life, I drew
The strength of God that bore my spirit through.
—Mary Russell Bartlett, in the Congregationalist.

THE NATURE OF SYMPATHY.

The Measure of the Gospel Standard

Much has been written upon the subject of sympathy, but its nature, its philosophy, still transcends the skill of the psychologist. It may be experienced, but never understood. One needs little or no instruction to know how he may relieve distress by removing the external cause which produces it. He may do it without actual sympathy; but to know how to lift the invisible burden whose cause is unknown or unremovable; how to feel another's woe in all its power, immeasurable to thought; how to draw upon our own hearts the bitterness of grief, without the occasion which gave it to another—that may be learned, but only by him whose nature has been imbued with the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, the great Burden-bearer of the race. It is God-given. It may be simulated, but never wrought out by human effort. It is vicarious without atonement.

It relieves without blaming. It is love in practice. It blesses all alike as the sun dispenses its bounty, because it is its nature to shine. Such is the beautiful spirit unfolded in the Gospel, and which is said to be the fulfilling of the law of Christ: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Too often the application is restricted to deeds of charity, to visiting the poor and the sick, to ministering to the afflicted; but it includes far more than simple benevolence. In the passage just quoted it refers more particularly to the troubles of the spiritually tried and tempted. The struggles of those who are seeking to attain the stature of a perfect man in Christ are represented as a burden. And here we have the ideal of the Christian church—a band of brothers and sisters, against a common foe, and bound to common aims and purposes, united together by such close ties of love and fellowship that the interest of one becomes the interest of all. Does one weep? The whole body is affected. Has one been overtaken, surprised, by a sin? The spiritually minded meekly restore him. They share his sorrow. They do not breathe out cursings upon his head; they do not lament in silence; they gently woo him by the power of an active sympathy. The apt figure which the apostle applies to the church is that of the human body, no part of which can suffer without at the same time affecting all the other parts. How significant of the depth and power of true Christ-like love! Nothing less than this measures up to the Gospel standard.—Exchange.

Intolerance and Persecution.

"Intolerance, especially when it takes the form of persecution, is the product of two very mean vices, cowardice and idleness. Very few people who really believe in the inherent power of truth would ever be induced to resort to persecution were it not for an intellectual idleness which shrinks from the toil of dealing with truth in its own way. Impatient believers wish to reach the place they are making for by some short cut, and it seems—and, indeed, it is—far easier to change the conduct of men by pains and penalties than to convince their understandings. But to convince the understanding is the precise end and aim of truth, and, apart from that, the change of conduct is, so to speak, irrelevant. It is not by persecuting one another, but by trying to understand one another, and by making the best of one another, that we can hope to come to Christian unity and the Christian life."—The Churchman (Episcopal).

THE TRIPLE DEVELOPMENT

Of Character, of Culture, and of Faith

"The man of the truest culture will be the man of the deepest religious sympathies. Instead of cutting down his faith to its barest elements and studying how little he believes, he will count faith a noble thing and see how much he can believe. He will look at religion not as a series of statements, a list of dogmas or a bunch of emotions, but as communion with the great Spirit who embodies all truth, justice and love; every good and every perfect gift from science, from culture, from history and from experience is from Him. Thus will go hand in hand the development of character, of culture and of faith.

"The self-sacrifice, the sweet charity and the great hopes that still fill the lives of God's children must touch and inspire you. No man of community can live on the spiritual inheritance of the past without becoming spiritually bankrupt. The hope of the present cannot be in the religion of the past, but in the faith and in the life of the present.

"And in the third place (and I speak very practically), if you think thus, if you believe that faith and Christ have their place in the present, you have an immediate and a life-long duty, that of expressing the faith in your words and character, that of giving to the world in your life the truth, the purity, the public spirit and the self-sacrifice of Christ Himself."

Right for Right's Sake.

"In doing right for right's sake, we do not banish or evade the law of penalty for disobedience. All obedience is pervaded with a solemn sense of fear. So all religion is pervaded with a stern sense of duty. But these are diffused and dissolved elements, giving atmosphere, hue and tone to the figure of earnest, active, moral craving for the ideal in the full front of consciousness. In it intellect interposes no bar, but is consenting, heart

is adoring, grateful, enthusiastic, will enlisted and determined, and together they make up the spiritual movement which is religion's heart. Christianity is a religion of love in this magnificent sense, the conscious soul attracted by the supreme moral good, seeing it as sufficient, and gladly moving toward it in God and for man."—Thomas W. Ilman, in To-day.

"Pray Always."

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right;
Pray if thou canst with hope, but ever pray
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord from the earth shall cease,
But every prayer for universal peace
Avalis that blessed time to expedite."

What God Wants.

God is Love—and what He wants of us is neither metaphysical theology, nor elaborate ritual, nor ascetic practices, but to love Him our Father in Christ Jesus, and to love for His sake our brother man.—Canon Farrar.

CLOSELY CONDENSED NEWS

Regarding the Religious World in General.

Bishop Riley is, it appears, again causing trouble in the Mexican Episcopal Church of Jesus, which is under the oversight of the presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church. Bishop Riley was one of the pioneers in the organization of what was called "The Church of Jesus," in Mexico. He was consecrated a bishop in 1873, but considerable difficulty arising over his administration, he consented to offer his resignation in 1884, and pledged himself not to exercise his episcopal functions. In 1891, on his own petition, he was admitted as a member of the governing body of the Mexican branch of the church, the name of which was changed on his motion to the "Mexican Episcopal church, or Church of Jesus." The governing body, through its president and secretary, now offers a protest against his exercise of his episcopal functions, which it says he has resumed.

The Rt. Rev. Lord Arthur Charles Hervey, Bishop of Bath and Wells, England, died recently in his eighty-sixth year.

Mr. James Stokes, of New York, has been honored by being made a Knight of the Legion of Honor of France. This honor was given as "a recognition of distinguished services in philanthropic and religious work," chiefly in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, of Paris.

The Twelfth Baptist Congress is to be held at Detroit, Mich., November 13-15, 1894. Among those who have been engaged to contribute papers or take part in the discussions are Drs. A. H. Newman, of Toronto; Lansing Burrows, of Georgia; A. S. Hobart, of Yonkers, N. Y.; President Andrews, of Brown University; Howard Cogswell, of Rochester; President W. R. Harper, H. M. Sanders, and Z. Grenell.

An important missionary conference was recently held in London, representing the Church of England. Among others, forty bishops attended, besides a large number of missionaries. Some of those who were instrumental in calling the conference desired, it is believed, to see whether the idea of a single missionary society, or idea of the church, as a whole conducting missions, would be acceptable. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke wistfully of the ideal of a united church acting all together as an evangelistic force, but constrained to say that he did not for one moment oppose the work of the societies. The two chief societies carrying on foreign missions are, as is well-known, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society. The former is regarded as the High Church organization, and the latter as the Evangelical.

There is a good deal in the Universalist papers just now in the way of discussion between the conservative and the radical wings, particularly in the Universalist. The Rev. R. A. White in a recent letter to that paper says:

"It can no longer be concealed, nor has there ever been the slightest reason for concealment, that the Universalist church has its conservative and its liberal wing."

He criticizes the conservatives for intimating that they want the "liberal wing to pack up their new-fangled theological luggage and migrate." Mr. White, who is one of the liberals, declares that it is not their intention to migrate.

According to the latest report of the Methodist Missionary Society the receipts for the seven months of the current year ending May 31st, amount to \$95,238, a decrease of about \$3,000 from the receipts the same months in 1893.

At the recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in Ireland, it was reported that the past year had been a very prosperous one. More than 700 families were added during the year and 1,863 communicants, and the debt of the previous year had been reduced by \$15,000.

Political Influence.

The young enthusiast in politics went to offer his services for the campaign to an old wheel-horse who had seen service and done it, too, before the youth was born.

"What can you do?" asked the veteran. "I can raise my voice in defence of our principles all over the State," was the proud reply.

"Um—um—er—yes—er—anything else?"

"I can raise party clubs everywhere."

"Um—um—yes—anything else?"

"I can raise the spirit of patriotism in every village."

"Um—yes—anything else?"

"I can raise the standard of revolt against corruption."

"Ah? Um—yes—anything else?"

The young man's enthusiasm was jarred.

"Great Caesar," he exclaimed, "isn't that enough?"

"Hardly."

"What more could you want?"

"Can you raise \$10,000?" asked the veteran, in a profoundly yearning tone, and the enthusiast vanished, with his enthusiasm.—Detroit Free Press.

Harry's Arithmetic.

Harry had just commenced to go to school, and was very proud of what he learned. One day he thought he'd show his father how much he knew, and asked him at dinner:

"Papa, how many chickens are there on that dish?"

"Two, my boy," said papa. "I thought you knew how to count."

"You're wrong," said Harry. There are three. That's one, and that's two, and two and one make three."

"Very well," said his father, "your mother may have one for her dinner, I'll take the other, and you can have the third."